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POETRY.

[FOR THE NEWS.]

MID SUMMER EVE.

The Mid Summer Eve the Fairies are supposed, in some countries of Europe, to be unusually busy about mortals on earth. And it is a custom somewhat common in those places for young girls to pluck sprigs of St. John's Wort, and stick them in the walls of their chambers; should they, owing to the dampness of the walls, retain their freshness and verdure, the damsels may reckon upon gaining suitors before the end of the year; but, should the sprigs of the St. John's Wort, (Hypericum) drops, the popular belief is, that they will have to wait awhile longer.

It is well enough to read Shakspeare's play of Mid Summer Night's Dream on the evening of the 15th of July—Mid Summer's Eve.

Ridgeway, S. C. E. W. D.

The young maid stole through the open door,
And blush'd as she sought the plant of power;
'Thou silver glow worm, oh, lend me thy light!
I must gather the mystic St. John's Wort to-night,
The wonderful herb, whose sprig will decide
If the coming year shall make me a bride?
And the glow worm came
With its silv'ry flame,
And sparkled and shone
On the Wort of St. John—
And soon as the maiden her love-knot tied,
With noiseless tread
To her chamber she sped.
Where the queely moon her bright beams shed,
'Bloom here—bloom here, thou plant of power,
To deck me, a bride, in my bridal hour!
And it freshen'd and grew, that plant of power,
And brighten'd its leaves in that pleasant bower,
Waving itself to the breezes' play,
And forming itself for that bridal day;
And when less than a year had flitted away
It encircled the brow of that maiden gay,
And the glow worm came
With its silv'ry flame,
And added a light as it sparkled and shone
On the lovely and charming Hypericum,
As friends danc'd round in the nuptial play.

[From the Southern Field and Fireside.]

Still Faithfull.

BY CLARA V. DARGAN.

That night Judith Dare sent for me. As I went up the dim stair-way to the little chamber where we used to steal away—oh, so many happy years ago! to build castles, and "make out" blissful futures—I felt a strange foreboding thrill in my heart. Mrs. Dare softly opened the door and then crept away.

Judith was sitting by the table.—There was a package of old letters on it, several open—a little lock of brown hair nestled beside a bunch of faded violets; but I saw first by the flickering lamplight my darling's face, pale and sad as it was always now, yet once how sparkling and beautiful with youth, hope and love. She was resting her brow upon her hand, but as I came in she raised it.

"Come here Annie. I have been looking at John's picture, it is fading—don't you think so?"

So quietly she said it as I kneeled down at her side! But oh, I knew every change of that dear voice too well to be deceived.

"Oh, Judith!"

I gazed for a moment upon the face portrayed in the miniature—a face so strong, so noble in its clear outlines that seemed the very type of perfect manhood. One look at the proud yet tender mouth,—the deep earnest eyes, and I hid my face on Judith's shoulder. There was a silence! only through the open window came the sad cry of the whip-poor-will, and a faint breeze laden with the breath of jesmine, lifted the curtain. I heard our hearts beating as I bent down closer in the agony of voiceless grief. Presently Judith moved—a passionate kiss she pressed with her cold lips upon my forehead, and calmly raised my face to hers.

"Look at me Annie, you are not weaker than I am, and I have sent for you to tell me what is best. I am afraid I have not been doing exactly right to be reading these letters"—passing her hand wearily across her brow, "but I only wanted to—to—Oh, Annie, you know!"

Yes, I knew. Were not her thoughts as my thoughts? Had there not been one mind and one heart between us for almost a score of years? I knew she had unbound those letters to drink one more draught from that sweet spring of love which had so long been her daily sustenance—that she had pressed that soft curl once more to her lips, of which every silken strand was as dear as a drop of life-blood—that she had opened that miniature to gaze for the last time upon a face she had no longer any right to call hers. I knew all this, and Judith saw it when I raised my eyes to hers.

"God bless you, Annie!" she murmured: "*you* have never deceived me. Let me tell you all about it."

"No, no," I whispered, "not to-night, Judith"—but she hushed me with a strange, quiet smile and went on; "I might have known it; it has been coming for months, Annie. His letters were not so long as they used to be, and yet they were so kind and full of tenderness. In one—it was the last: here it is—he called me "*Petite Mignon.*" She smiled again, but it was sadder than tears. "This was in January; I never had another. Day after day I used to sit here and watch for little Tom as he came across the fields from the office. When he had a letter he would wave it at me as he reached the stile; but all these three long months he came home slowly, cracking his whip, and whistling "The Blue Bells of Scotland." You know that was John's favorite, Annie—and last night I dreamt I heard him humming it. Yes, he would come slowly, as if he felt what new disappointment he was bringing; and just as he reached the gate he would say, "Sister, there is no letter to-day but I *know* there will be one to-morrow"—and poor little Tom would creep away to his rabbit pen and cry. Annie—Annie! am I born to make every body miserable?" She put her arms round my neck, and leaned her icy cheek to mine. I dared not speak.

"It was this evening, I sat here by my window, as usual, waiting for him, yet knowing no letter would come.—As he crossed the stile he waved his hand, and my heart beat thick. It was only a newspaper—the same one that mother sent you; it contained *his* marriage—John's marriage, Annie!"

I thought she would pause here—but she only gazed a few minutes at the miniature lying open beside her, and went on with unaltered calmness: "I wonder if this Eleanor Randolph loved him as I did. I wonder if she is good and noble—if she is beautiful—John admired beauty so much, and I had none, you know. He said once, I was lovlier to him than any other woman ever was; but I am old and ugly, worn with grief and watching—so it was best John married this Eleanor, only daughter of Henry Randolph, of Randolph Hall, Halifax,' is said. She is an heiress and a belle, I suppose; tall and elegant and proud of her noble name and descent. Do you wonder that he forgot me, Annie? It was quite natural for him to love beauty and grace. And she—I know she was not loth to be won; John was very handsome and stately. I remember how he looked that last evening when we rode out together, just before he went away. We went down through the meadow across the bridge, and just as we reached Lebanon Church, the sun was setting. He said. 'Wait a moment, Judith,' and drew in his horse. I see him yet, Annie! There was a far away look in his eyes, as if he saw beyond the present into the blissful future. Oh, I see him yet! So graceful and erect—the wind lifting this brown hair, tinged with the gold of the setting sun, and a faint flush on his cheek, as he looked down upon me, half-smiling, and said: 'One day, Judith, we shall have a house just on this hill. It will be a beatuful site for our home! '*Our home!* To think John and I will never have the same home, Annie!"

* * * * * * *

It was after midnight. Judith and I leaned out of the upper window, and watched the moon setting pale and calm as my darling's face over the tops of the tall Lombardy poplars. The whip poor-will was still crying sadly in the wood near by; and from the garden below the night breeze came laden with the same oppressive fragrance of jasmine and honey suckle. We had tied up the letters and sealed them all in a package with the slender golden hoop which he had given her, the miniature and the tiny curl of soft brown hair. There it lay on the table directod to "Maj. John Holmes—Legion, Winchester Va." It would probably reach the bridegroom just after he had pressed the farewell kiss upon the lips of his beautiful wife. Would he sigh as he recognized the steady delicate characters which had so often conveyed to him messages of enduring faith and love? Would one pang of regret mingle with the tide of happiness flowing around his new life as he remembered the sweet face which was once his guiding star, and had looked forth so vainly for his return, growing paler and paler with "hopes deferred," as he came not and now, alas! would never come!

Judish's heart and mine had both asked these questions, but neither could answer—only I opened the wellworn Bible marked here and there with happy eras, and earnest prayers and thanks givings; and there I read softly the blessed words, "*Now no chastening for the present seemeth joyous, but rather grievous. Nevertheless it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of rightousness.*" I was still holding the little book in my hand, and longing—oh, longing so!—to see one tear from those mournful eyes or a tremulous grief around those strangely quiet steady lips. "Anything, oh, God!" I cried, "*anything*, be it never so wild and passionate rather than this cruel calm!"

She looked across the fields to the stile where she and John used to sit and talk in the gloaming, and where little Tom used the wave the letters which came so often after he left; then she glanced down the road—"the way he went at parting," so handsome and graceful on his fleet footed steed; then, lastly at the dark patch of shade where a marble shaft glimmered in the fading moonlight and her best-beloved—her own, and only brother saved little Tom, lay sleeping under the cedar with the death wound in his noble breast. She turned to me—my darling did, and said slowly:

"I would rather he were lying beside poor Harry, Annie, and when I watered the flowers on his grave I should feel he was *mine still.*"

* * * * * * *

A month passed, and daily I went my way down the meadow to meet Judith. There we were wont to sit and talk, not of what had been—oh, no, that was forbidden now!—but of what was to come; of Heaven and eternity. Of late Judith had grown weaker, a slight cold Mrs. Dare said, and we must not sit so late out on the hay when the dew was falling. So now we always come home at at sun down, and Judith would lie quietly on the lounge while I made her tea. Little Tom would put by his top and whip in the corner, and creep softly to "Sister's" side, never daring to speak for fear one of those painful coughing spells would come on: but once he whispered to me that he thought he would never go to the office any more, or he didn't like to pass the stile and not see sister at the window, "and she never sits there to watch for letters now Miss Annie."

It was the first of June, a glorious summer-day. Judith had not been so well, the heat seemed to oppress her; but as evening drew on, and a light wind played with the lilac boughs by the window, she grew better and there was something more natural in her quiet smile as little Tom brought his rabbits to show her, and a great bunch of monthly roses tied with an old piece of ribbon. The couch was drawn up by the open window, and from where she lay, with her head no the high-piled pillows, she could see the marble shaft among the cedars, and far down the road. She had been lying quite still for a long time, looking at the winding white line as it led away to the meadow and the bridge; and presently she turned her hazel eyes upon me.

"I dreamed of John last night, Annie," she said——I started, for the name never passed her lips now.

"Yes," she went on half whispering, "I dreamed I was lying here just so, and I saw him coming up the road. He wore a grey hat with a ribbon round it and was riding Mazeppa. I wonder if he will ever come back, Annie."

A horseman was just turning into the lane, and I answered quickly that she might not notice him, "I do not think he will, Judith: you know he is married now."

A slight shade crossed her face, but it vanished, and she took up the roses and looked earnestly at them. "Frail flowers!" she murmured; "but there is One who changeth not."

The horseman came nearer and my heart leaped as the tramp sounded sharply on the still evening air. Judith turned her face suddenly. There was a familiar music in the echoing hoofs which had long been silent; and a soft glow stole into her pale cheek. "Annie, it sounds like Mazeppa's step, when John used to come every evening at this time. It is like a dream of those old times, never to return, Annie—never to return;" and with a low, heavy sigh she closed her eyes as if to dream those "old times" were come again, poor child!

But I rose softly and watched. The horseman came nearer—he stop at the gate, and in the lingering twilight I saw him dismount quickly. As the hoofs ceased, Judith opened her eyes and looked vacantly at me.

"What does it mean?" she gasped, and rose to look out.

We heard a voice—how strange it seemed when we never expected to hear it again!—a low, manly, decided voice, say, "Whoa, Mazeppa!"—then a step coming up the garden walk, the heavy spurs jingling against the stones, and a figure stood in the doorway with a grey hat and a ribbon tied around it. I glided past in the shadow, and only heard my darling murmur as a strong arm enfolded her—

"Faithful still, John?"

And he—as he bent down and gazed into the pale face of his idol, answered:

"Still faithful, Judith. There is another John Holmes, besides your own."

PLEASANT READING FOR THE HEATED TERM.—A gentleman who is engaged in the telegraphic expedition in Siberia relates the following incident in a letter to a friend in Cincinnati:

I met with a Korak woman, of about twenty-two years of age, on the great Tundra, (marked Kerau on the map,) who drove a team of reindeers with a loaded sledge fifty versts in one day, and at night slept out in the snow, and with no covering whatever except the clothes she had worn during the day, and in a temperature 43 degrees below zero, or 75 degrees below freezing point. Think of that, ye effeminate ladies of America. That I saw myself, although even to me it seems incredible now I thought it an extraordinary thing to sleep in a reindeer skin tent in such weather, and I should have frozen to death in two hours had I attempted to sleep without it. She traveled with us driving her own reindeer, and sleeping on the snow every night.

Among the mourners in the procession which followed the late Col. Seaton to the grave, at Washington on the 18th inst., were a number of compositors who had been setting type in the office of the *National Intelligencer* for fifty consecutive years.

NOBLE REVENGE.—The pettyness to which radicalism can descend cannot be properly characterized by any words to be found in the English language. We thought the removal of the portraits of Governor Seymour and Hon. Isaac Toucey from the senate chamber of Connecticut was about as contemtible a thing as could be done in that line; but we were mistaken. In the gallery of the West Point Academy were portraits of America's statesmen—the jewels in her crown of fame—among them a fine painting by Jarvis of John C. Calhoun. A correspondent of the New York *Times* says that this portrait has been removed. Jefferson's portrait was there, so was Washington's, but the correspondent does not say whether they have been removed or not. As they were both Southern men, and their teachings were both adverse to the radical doctrines of to-day, it may be presumed they have, being unworthy to remain in the company of the martyred Lincoln and the ditto John Brown. The East India heathen mutilate the bodies of their dead enemies, and spit upon them; the heathens of the United States, (usually called radicals,) cannot revenge themselves in this manner upon Calhoun, as he has been dead too long—so they are forced to content themselves with outraging his picture! Noble radicals!

[*Yonkers (N. Y.) Gazette.*

HOW TO GROW LARGE RASPBERRIES.—Raspberries must be fattened, just as we fatten our mutton or pork. If we half-feed our swine, we have a huge skeleton and thin, flabby meat. Fat them well, and we pork like a roll of June butter. So it is with raspberries. If we desire large, melting, delicious berries, they must be fattened. And the sooner the job is commenced, the more complete will be the success. Raspberry bushes cannot bear large plump fruit when standing in a grass-plot. Hoe up the grass, and fork over the ground, all around the bushes. If they stand in rows so that a horse-hoe can be worked between the rows, scarify all the ground making the surface as clean as neat onion-bed. Then, if the soil is not sufficiently rich, haul back the dirt from the bushes, and manure liberally, and cover the manure again with mellow soil. Soapsuds is excellent for raspberry bushes. A barrel of soap, after it has been through the washtub is in an excellent condition to feed starving raspberries.

TAN-BARK FOR POTATOES.—A gardener at Troyes, "having observed that every body living in the quarter of the town occupied by tanners escaped the cholera determined to try the virtue of tan when planting potatoes. For this purpose he placed a shovelful of tan in the trench under the seed in a part of the field, and planted the remainder in the ordinary way. On digging out the potatoes he found that those which were planted near the tan were perfectly sound, while the others were diseased. He found further, that potatoes were preserved in winter by spreading tan on the floor of the store-house."

A communication in a late number of the London *Lancet* gives a process to remove gunpowder marks from the flesh. The scorched surface should be smeared with glycerine by means of a feather; cotton wadding should then be applied and it covered with oil silk. In one case where the discoloration was very great, the person looking more like a mummy than a human being, it was entirely removed in about a month by this course of treatment.

The wheat harvest is pretty well over in this county. The yield, although by no means an average one, is still good. There was but little grain sown last fall, owing, we believe, principally, to the scracity and high prices of labor. The grain is, however, very good—large and well formed. The oat crop also bids fair to yield well. Corn, too, looks well. In fine, considering high prices, scarcity and unreliabillity for labor, our farmers have done very creditably.—"*Fort Tobacco Times.*"